

Young Nero

by Chameleons

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Summary: This is basically a fic about child Nero. Max needs to find something to do even if it means bursting into his father's incredibly private top secret study. This fic is dedicated to the first person to review :):)

Young Nero

Hello! I haven't been on fanfiction for a while so this the first one I've posted in a while. As the title suggests it is about child Nero. This fic is dedicated Kukipyе, the first reviewer.** Please review!**

Chameleons :)

Seven and three quarters year old Maximillian Nero sat cross legged on the thick carpeted floor. He was bored, and even his working toy volcano was becoming tiresome.

"Daaad!" he yelled bursting into his father's incredibly private top secret study. His Dad was drawing something very boring on a large piece of paper. "You will play with me." Max commanded.

His father tutted, "What have I told you Maximillian. Don't come in Daddy's study while he's working."

"But I'm bored!" Max said expressively.

His dad sighed, "Look I'm really busy right now, and Daddy's clients don't like to be kept waiting." Max didn't care about his Dad's clients; he just wanted something to do.

"I'll tell you what," Max said in his best negotiating voice, "I'll go away and not bother you for the rest of the day if you do one thing for me!"

"What is it?" his dad asked tiredly, knowing that the answer was likely to be impossible, or highly dangerous.

"Can I borrow one of the guard's assault rifles?"

"How many times, NO. You know what happened last time."

"It was just a little block of C4; I just wanted to know what would happen. It was an experiment really." Max did his cutest face.

"An experiment that took down half our house. What's wrong with your volcano, eh? I spent a lot of time developing the cold lava for it."

"I've been playing with that for ages and besides the play room got a bitâ€|.lavary." Nathaniel looked down at the boy, he was tiny but he still managed to get his way.

"There's some prototype enhanced nerf guns in that big plastic bag in my room, I was going to save them for your birthday but seeing as your being so demandingâ€|" He trailed off as Max had already vanished.

Max propelled himself up four flights of stairs to his Dad's bedroom and searched frantically for the bag. When he found it he propped himself up on the bed, and hastily ripped off the many wraps of cellophane. Once it was clear of the plastic the box looked sleek, shiny and exciting. He ripped of the box and charged down the stairs with the gun, not bothering to stop to read the instructions. There was always a thrill with a new gun, which was always lighter and more advanced than before.

Max ran to the door and slipped on his tiny military style boots before sprinting across a freshly mown lawn to the firing range. The firing range was a large building encircled with some designated garden space. His father didn't like shooting much, but he occasionally came out here to practice. Max found the whole thing incredibly exciting. He loved the big bang the guns made when you fired them, and the satisfaction of seeing a hole through the paper target. All of the lethal guns were sealed in a secure locker but there was a big tub of modified Nerf bullets sitting beside the range. Max grabbed a handful and ran over to his favourite section. The section consisted of around forty paper targets, which moved constantly on rails around you. Max prepared his new gun, before starting off the targets movement. He was very proud of his shooting; his new gun could fire so many bullets at once! He had managed to get at least three through the targets. He felt over heated after all the running around and firing, so he slumped at the edge of the range. Max eyed up the snack machine over at the other side of the room, it looked like a normal vending machine, but didn't require any coins; what more could a kid want! Max pressed the button for the coke, crisps and a large bar of chocolate before settling down for his unhealthy feast. He took a pod out of his pocket and threw it at the wall. As soon as the pod hit the wall it spread, forming a screen showing Max's favourite television show.

End
file.